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THE ANGELUS.

"For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are unseen are eternal."

SOFTLY smiting the evening air,
Gently borne o'er hill and dell,
Come the tones of a distant bell;
And youth and maiden standing there
Turn so simply from work to prayer.

Only a pause in their dreary task;
But they hear their own hearts' rhythmic beat
Breaking the silence. What do they ask,—
These two whose thoughts in prayer now meet?
No spoken word reaches the ear,
But the heaven seems very near.

Around them stretches the barren soil
That little yields for all their toil;
And what doth life promise these trusting hearts?—
Only toil, dull and wearing,
Only patient burden-bearing,
With hard and grinding care
That furrows soon must wear
Upon each youthful face,—
Must take away each tender grace.

But for this brief space
The life unseen comes in between,
Mingles its spell
With the chime of the distant bell,
Gives its blessing of faith and love,
And the wide heaven spreads above!

MILDRED WILMANS DORSEY.